

places on bench or shelf, which was amply large enough to have supported both, had they not been too demented with fear to recognize that fact. The cursing man was victorious, and now he stood alone on the shelf, roaring maledictions. Then there was the sound of a plunge, and Lermontoff, standing there, helpless and shivering, heard the prisoner swim round and round his cell like a furious animal, muttering and swearing.

"Don't exhaust yourself like that," shouted Lermontoff. "If you want to live, cling to the hole at either of the two upper corners. The water can't rise above you then, and you can breathe till it subsides."

The other either did not hear, or did not heed, but tore round and round in his confined tank, thrashing the water like a dying whale.

"Poor devil," moaned Jack. "What's the use of telling him what to do. He is doomed in any case. The other two are now better off."

A moment later the water began to dribble through the upper aperture into Jack's cell, increasing and increasing until there was the roar of a waterfall, and he felt the cold splashing drops spurt against him. Beyond this there was silence. It was perhaps ten minutes after that the lever was pulled, and the water belched forth from the lower tunnel like a mill-race broken loose, temporarily flooding the floor so that Jack was compelled to stand on the bench.

He sunk down shivering on the stone shelf, laid his arms on the stone pillow, and buried his face in them.

"My God, my God!" he groaned.

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Here's another queer question: If you were a poor exile from home, and, all of a sudden, discovered a big-paying silver mine that lifted you out of the slough of poverty into the highland of wealth; what would be the very thing you would do?

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